The Lady's Monitor.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

VOL. I.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1801. [NO. XVII.

A LESSON ON CONCEALMENT;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF MARY SELWYN.

(Continued from our last.)

"I viewed this man with emotions widely different from those with which I had been used to regard Colmer. That sympathy of views, that conformity of opinions and habits, which was wanting to the latter, were fully possessed by my new friend. I perceived that he was entitled to my whole heart, and that the sole obstacle to our alliance consisted in my worthlessness. Judge, then, with what anguish I must have reflected on this obstacle, which ages of remorse would not obliterate, which no time would lesson or remove, and which cut me off from such varied and abundant felicity; which not only placed happiness beyond my reach, but made me instrumental in the misery of one whose excellencies were so transcendant and rare.

"It was impossible, in the full career of my feelings, to hide from him the state of my affections. This discovery gave new ardour to his hopes, new edge to his curiosity, new vigour to his perseverance. I confessed that I was bound by no matrimonial obligations to another; that no duty required me to seek the approbation to my choice of kindred or friends; that I was not influenced by the false refinements of pride, generated by reflection on the poverty of my condition and obscurity of my birth; that wedlock was a state to which I looked as the fountain of every joy, and the theatre of every virtue; that his character, his person, his family, his residence, his profusion and fortune, were all such as my reason and my heart fondly and ardently approved. Still, however, there existed an impediment which no time would remove, and which was created by the incidents of my life, previous to my abode in this town.

"He enumerated all possible causes that could produce this effect; and, at length, extorted from me the confession, that the sense of faultiness formerly contracted—the persuasion that my mind was disqualified, by imbecility and vice, to associate with his, was the true cause of my reluctance. This intimation affected, in no degree, his wishes. He applauded the delicacy of my scruples....inferred, from their duration and strength, the untaintedness of my heart. I might, perhaps, have been drawn aside, by momentary impulse or passion, from the path of virtue; but my remorse, and the blamelessness of my deportment during, the years that he had witnessed it, evinced the undepraved rectitude of my principles, and constituted a sufficient expiation for any guilt which an human being could contract. He did not seek my confidence farther than it had already been bestowed. I was at liberty to hide from him my juvenile adventures. He was not anxious for my vindication from any charge which the malice or misapprehension of the world might bring against me. He had no surmises to remove, or suspicions to confute. He was satisfied with the knowledge which his own senses had collected, and looked no further for evidence of my integrity, and sureties for the happiness of union with me.

"On this topic my friend's eloquence was earnest and pathetic. While listening to his arguments, I gathered conviction. While his accents rung in my ears, I cherished the fond belief, that the years which I had passed in deploring, had atoned for my misconduct; that to review the past with everlasting repinings and regrets was folly and guilt; that to allow former misdeeds, whose consequences were, perhaps, exhausted, to occupy our present thoughts, to the exclusion of beneficent designs, and the obstruction of wholesome activity, was to perpetuate and multiply the crime; that to regard our past misconduct with abhorrence was an argument of present virtue; but to suffer this abhorrence to incorporate itself with all our sentiments, to corrode our peace, to undermine our health, or our life, and sink us into dreariness and torpor, was contemptible and wicked. I thought myself less hopelessly unworthy; and, while I pondered on the offices of tenderness, the assiduities of gratitude, the irreproachable fidelity which marriage with Molesworth would allow me to perform and exhibit, I felt hope revive in my heart, and was willing to concur with his proposal.

"These serene intervals, however, were transient as a shadow. The absence of my friend failed not to restore the dominion of habit, awaken anew my remorse, and make that obstacle, which, for a time, had disappeared, rise again more menacing than ever. I judged of his sensations by my own. At present he was wildering himself in speculation. The magnanimity of forgiveness....the sufficiency of penitence to expiate offences, and restore purity, were shadows which his understanding found it easy to subdue, as long as their existence was imaginary, and had no relation to himself. He sported with conjectures as to the crimes which it was possible for me to have committed; but none of his conjectures had hitherto reached the atrociousness of the truth....none were believed, by him, to possess any degree of probability: but as soon as the frightful truth should be discovered, the current of dispassionate reasoning would be changed ....his gaudy theories, his artificial calm would vanish....dejection and abhorrence would succeed, and he would spurn me from him as the bane of his existence.

"These thoughts renewed my wavering or suspended determination. Molesworth, when he imagined my reluctance at an end, found that a few hours absence had given it more force than ever, and once more engaged in the task of contending with my scruples. My soul was torn by incessant struggles. There was no need to deliberate on the propriety of an immediate confession of my guilt. The confession, whether just or not, whether necessary or superfluous, was utterly impossible. My lips refused to open, my tongue was tied, when my unfaithfulness to Colmer, and its dreadful effects upon him, upon my father and my brother, were to be the theme of my discourse.

"I believed that this disclosure would terminate our controversy; but it would drive from my presence him whom my

fluttering heart acknowledged for its sole possessor, whose company composed my chief delight: it would ravish from him all the hopes which he had built upon conviction of my merits; it would make me an outcast from my present home, and doom me to poverty, reproach and neglect. What wonder that I recoiled from these consequences?

"In the midst of these distractions and misgivings, it occurred to me, at length, that my fame was built upon a mere deception. The goods which I at present enjoyed, were held by no tenure but that of the ignorance of those by whom they were bestowed. I had been anxious not to hide, but only not to publish my shame. My conduct had been open to the scrutiny of all; but my lips had been perpetually closed upon the subject of my past offences. I had dealt in no impostures and inventions. I had not, in a single, instance, abjured my veracity, and misled my neighbours by deceitful representations of my life and character. In this manner I had acted towards Molesworth. I had not laboured to correct, neither had I taken pains to perpetuate his errors. In acting thus I did not conceive myself culpable: but if his affection and esteem for me, as a wife, were to be retained on the same conditions as those on which I had preserved his friendship, might they not, with equal blamelessness, be adopted?

"He knew my self-accusations. He knew that I regarded my faults as inexpiable, and as such as unfitted me for the provinces of wife and mother; but he, nevertheless, placed his happiness in my acceptance. He exacted from me no confession. He was willing to take me as I was, with all my real, and imaginary and imputed imperfections. My guilt might, by some fatal accident, be whispered in his ear, and his love and my felicity be ended at once; but this was contingent, and might never happen, or happen remotely, when the long experience of my worth, the cement of offspring, and the progress of his reason, might hinder it from producing fatal effects. This discovery might, indeed, be anticipated by myself. I might gradually acquire confidence in his fortitude, in the agreement between his theoretical and practical deductions; I might seize some propitious moment, and reveal to him my story, and my peace and his affection may survive the shock.

"He proposes to spend his life here, where I have remained thus long, untraced and unsupected. Every day adds to my security, by lessening the number of witness, and weakening the memory, of my dishonour, and fortifying the incredulity of my husband and my friends, by supplying them with new proofs of my constancy and virtue.

"Such were the reasonings that at length induced me to compliance. I was married, and conferred that happiness on Molesworth which I shall never know. The colour of my thoughts was by no means uniform. My misgivings, as to the events of futurity, my doubts as to the rectitude of what I had done, bred, in my secret thoughts, a melancholy which the caresses of my husband and my friends dispelled for a time, though sure to revisit me in solitude. I found new difficulties in disclosure, new humiliations in concealment, and new terrors in contemplating the texture of human events, by which the truth is finally drawn forth from all the obscurities and folds in which human ingenuity might wrap it. I shuddered to think on how slender a thread my felicity depended, and have suffered all the torments of foreboding, on a short journey or unexpected absence of my husband. I have waited his return with trembling, and watched, with unspeakable anxiety, his looks as soon as he appeared. I have been prone to misconstrue appearances, to impute inquietude or indisposition to some untoward occurrence, or malignant intimation of my guilt.

"All these causes of alarm were aggravated by our removal to this city, to which Molesworth was induced by considerations, to which it was impossible for me either to admit with cheerfulness, or strenuously to object. I have seldom walked out but from necessity. I have been studious to evade the scrutiny of passengers. In so large a concourse from all parts of the United States, it is scarcely possible not to meet with some who knew me during my reidence at Portsmouth.

"I have, unfortunately, encountered some of these. I have even attracted observation, and been overpowered with terror at tokens which were once given of an intention to accost me by one who knew me well in my father's house. My suspicions have been ceasless, my subterfuges to escape abhorred detection without number; but still I have seemed to be for ever tottering on the verge of destrution.—It was not long before a new event occurred to give a new form to my fears.

"You will judge of my confusion when I descried, from my chamber, on about three months ago, passing the street, Haywood himself. My confusion at this incident threw me into a fever, from which I recovered not without difficulty, and contrary to all my wishes.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Biography.

MEMOIRS OF

THE LATE MRS. GODWIN,

AUTHOR OF A VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

(Concluded from our last.)

"The shivering fits had ceased entirely for the last two days. Mr. Carlisle observed that her countenance was almost miraculous, and he was on the watch for favourable appearances, believing it highly improper to give up all hope, and remarking, that perhaps one in a million, of persons in her state, might possibly recover. I conceive that not one in a million, unites so good a constitution of body and of mind.

"These were the amusements of persons in the very gulph of despair. At six o'clock on Sunday morning, September the tenth, Mr. Carlisle called me from my bed, to which I had retired at one, in conformity to my request, that I might not be left to receive all at once the intelligence that she was no more. She expired at twenty minutes before eight.

"Her remains were deposited, on the fifteenth of September, at ten o'clock in the morning, in the church-yard of the parish church of St. Pancras, Middlesex. A few of the persons she most esteemed, attended the ceremony; and a plain monument is now erecting on the spot, by some of her friends, with the following inscription:

Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin,

AUTHOR OF

A VINDICATION

OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

BORN XXVII APRIL MDCCLIX.

DIED X SEPTEMBER MDCCXCVII.

Of the numerous publications of the late Mrs. Godwin, formerly and better known as Wollstonecraft, her work on the Rights of Women, has acquired the greater proportion of popularity. Her "View of the Revolution in France," though in many respects superior to her Vindication, is as yet but little applauded; and the merit of her posthumous writings remains to be established. In one thing, and we believe it is the only one, she appears to have imitated Mr. G. for in most things—in soul, in information, in understanding and in manner, they are eminently distinct. Godwin published his "Political Justice," and then his "Caleb Williams." The first was his theoretical, the latter his practical treatise. Mrs. Godwin, while Wollstone-

craft, gave the public her "Vindication of the Rights of Women:" this was her theory. And it seems that she intended her "Wrongs of Women," as the theory exemplified in practice. They are both strong productions: and like every thing strong, that is human, they have much weakness mingled with their strength, and many errors to counterbalance their decisions. Whoever shall compare the last of these works, the "Wrongs of Women," with the life of Mrs. Godwin, must perceive that it was also designed as a vindication of her own opinions and conduct. Her "Mary—a Fiction." is highly beautiful and pathetic; and her "Letter on the French Nation," is distinguished by much reflection and truth. It concurs in the opinion—that France is not fitted for a republic; and it well merits the attention not only of philosophers, but of all who wish well to civil life, and regard morals as necessary to the preservation of social order. These form, together with her letters, the posthumous works of Mrs. Wollstoncraft Godwin.

On her character we pause. So many opinions have been started of this subject, that we should feel before we walk.

She had strong passions, and a strong understanding. She was a great genius; but like most great geniuses, she was uncommon. Uncommon in her ideas of society, and those rules which, for the general good, must be borne with in particular instances. Business she hated; for, there was "nothing worth having to be purchased." She was as much at variance with your common maxims of prudence; and exclaimed, "there are arguments which convince the reason, whilst they carry death to the heart!" But indeed she was no modern philosopher.—

"Yet I am," says Mrs. G. to Imlay, "not angry with thee, my love, for I think that it is a peice of stupidity, and likewise of a milk-and-water affection, which comes to the same thing when the temper is governed by a square and compass.—There is nothing picturesque in this straight-lined equality, and the passions always give grace to the actions."

And, in all probability, had she been married well in early life, she had then been a happy woman, and universally respected.

We have seen her conduct towards Mrs. Fuseli; her intimacy with Mr. Imlay; and her subsequent connection with Mr. Godwin; and we are as little disposed as any one can be, to palliate the essentially vicious; but is there nothing to be offered in extenuation of the subject of these memoirs? She had attained her thirtieth year before she became attached to Mr. Fuseli: it could not then have been altogether an affair of passion. His conversation delighted her; and she thought that she might listen to its charm without endangering the repose of her heart. In this she erred fatally—but it is an error too common with her sex: and to which women of sensibility and intellect are peculiarly liable. The determined manner with which she quitted this happiness, when it appeared hostile to the peace of her friend, has been related in an early stage of this sketch. To those who are acquainted with the heart, her love to Mr. Imlay will be no problem in the science of human passion. They know full well with what eagerness the sinking spirit, already thwarted and barbed by disappointment, clings for solace and relief to the first object that may engage its affection. She loved him—but he loved not her. He was leagued to her by desire—not love: he was detained to her by honour—not affection! This is the truth, and we must pity her.

That she ever loved Mr. Godwin, is at least improbale. It must at any rate have been but a *rational* love; for the heart does not admit of many real ones.

With this ample map of her life stretched out before us, where there is no corner of her soul undefined, nor even a zig-zag of her reason concealed, we cannot easily be mistaken in our estimate. She was a woman of high genius; and, as she felt the whole strength of her powers, she thought herself lifted, in a degree, above the ordinary trammels of civil communities. She enveighed bitterly against a code of regulations which she deemed derogatory to her sex; nor did she for an instant reflect, that unless women were equally qualified with herself, to act on the grand principles of all morality independent of tuition and restraint, the doctrines she inculcated, if received, must overturn the present basis of every civilized state. The mind must be *prepared* for wisdom, or wisdom will prove its greatest bane, and its ultimate destruction. We are aware of that squeamish kind of virtue, which looks more to the form than to essence of things. Much of it has been applied to Mrs. Godwin. The grand lines of her character have been confounded by persons of a narrow comprehension, or by prejudice, with the minuter inflexions of her soul. Her deviations from propriety, have been mistaken for her principles of action.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. VI.

The relation of brother and sister, especially if they do not marry, appears to me of a very singular nature. It is a familiar and tender friendship with a female much about our own age; an affection, perhaps, softened by the secret influence of sex, but pure from any mixture of sensual desire; the sole species of platonic love that can be indulged with truth, and without danger.

GIBBON.

THIS is a subject which has occupied the attention of the most refined ages of antiquity, and which seems peculiarly interesting to the present. For, while we are so busied in distinguishing, and so anxious to establish clear and correct ideas of individual right, it would be something more than culpable, if we were to neglect the moral relations of men, and those affections which, generally speaking, are more powerful than the firmest reasonings.

But there is a difficulty attending this discussion; a difficulty which is constituted by its delicacy. We are naturally led, in these enquiries, to points of a very delicate nature; but they are, nevertheless, points which we must view with perspicuity. That false delicacy which forms the basis of too many reputations, and which is rather the product of ignorance than the offspring of true refinement, must be discarded from this enquiry, as inconsistent with the purposes of truth, and therefore inimical to our design. On a great moral question, let us speak in the language of morality; but with frankness, fortitude, and decision.

Love and friendship are eminently distinctive. Friendship is excellent, where love must be considered as depravity only, and that of the most foul signification: they have become, indeed, more used than understood, and they are often perplexed in the appropriation which we give them; but all this does not lessen their first simplicity, their genuine designations. Friendship between man and man, is often a principle of the most exalted nature: not so love!—As to females, some writers who have not entertained the happiest notions of that sex, have determined them to be incapable of friendship in its best and lasting sense. These writers are rather invidious; and it is much to be wondered at that they are supported in this opinion by the suffrages of a single woman. Such a support they have frequently had. It has been said, even by women, that their sex were of too trifling a temper to admit of real attachments. Ladies, it must be owned, are not unfriendly to trifles; they

are sometimes thought to admire them: but is this any thing strange, while we admire them for that very admiration? and have not custom and education had some share in promoting this taste? I am decidedly of opinion, that friendship may exist between females, and that of the highest order; for I have known many examples of this kind. If women quarrel on the choice of a gown—men have done it on the choice of a coat: if, now and then, housewives differ in the art of roasting or boiling—are not we at eternal variance about the forms of society and government? If they, on the subject of love, and the directions which that subject may take, find occasions of enmity and warfare; is it wonderful that they presume to feel the object of their chief solicitude? And have men no wranglings in these things? I believe that this parallel might be continued with every advantage to the reputation of the fair.

When a man however, transferring or extending his affections from his own sex to the feminine of his species, tells me, that he has a great friendship for such a lady; and when a lady, acting in the same manner as to females, avows the purest attachment, namely—friendship, for a gentleman; I begin to suspect these matters: and I wish to be satisfied of their veracity.

The "secret influence of sex," if, as Mr. Gibbon thinks, it attaches even to that connection which subsists betwixt a brother and sister, can hardly be quit of the alliance now under discussion. It is often more nice than wise, to examine into particulars of this stamp. Where society are benefitted by the affability and condescensions of its rougher members, to the more tender and unprotected of its branches as in the instance of family-relation, it is of no importance to us to discover the sources of this advantage, when such a discovery might put us out of humour—

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

But here we have a different conduct, which justice obliges us to take. The sentiment which is virtue in one case, becomes vice in another. We are governed by situation. The most fashionable circles, it may be easily imagined, will not be pleased by an opposition to their scheme and doctrines. In those spheres the Platonics, as they term them, are perfectly convenient. Under these sanctions, a married lady may continue to intrigue, till she has lost every motive that can excite much attention in her *friends*, except the one for which she appeared to contend; till her *beauty* is gone, and she cannot be loved for *that*—til no one will believe her sincerities, and her *reputation* is known *only* to her husband. This system has many advocates, for it is a kind of Proteus; it suits itself to every motive. Young people admire it, and proceed from admiration to practice: a very natural process. Some of them, I really believe, whose souls are fraught with beauty, and aim at perfection, take Platonism with the highest motives, and the brightest intentions. So long as it rests in the bosom of a young man (looking over a few unfortunate girls, who may chance to be less Platonic than himself) its effects may be harmless enough. With the fair it is fearfully otherwise. There are always a number of crafty men, who, being "honest in the gross, and knaves in the retail," can talk prettily of virtue, and romantic enough too, to fill the head of a romantic female, so as to play about the surface of her heart! all which may do very well in a *novel;* but it does not exactly suit with the *old* usages of life. Some people talk of females as of angels; but they do not treat them as such! For my part, the little observstion which I have gleaned in the world, has taught me that they have a strong resemblance to ourselves: that they are actuated by nearly the same passions, that they aim at similar attainments; and that, so far from wishing to derange this harmony, they are every day seeking to confirm it.

Yet, though I agree in principle with Mr. Gibbon, I think that he has been too circumscribed in his definition.

Perhaps the historian of the Roman Empire had not leisure to be long in love: but he declares that he was once in that predicament; and, a very usual fate, that he was also disappointed. He comes to my question. When all hope of attaining the object of his affection was at an end; when, in fine, he beheld in her the wife of Necker, was every sentiment which he had once felt *then* eradicated from his heart? I think not. Every idea of being her husband must have vanished; but I should hope that he still esteemed her, in the most fervent and exalted manner. He regarded her, perhaps, with a different sentiment to that which he felt for a sister, but a sentiment equally perfect. In this case, and where the heart is truly sacrificed to *one*, of either sex, the Platonic intimacy may be cultivated in respect to others; perhaps with much propriety—at least, without danger.

Within these *three* specifications, as it appears to me, our Platonism should be publicly limited. I am, I trust, far from austere in my principles: I think I could countenance every method of pleasure to ourselves, while it bore any resemblance to truth. But I dislike our insidious vices, which creep upon us in the form of virtues. And I think Platonism, when carried to excess, the most dangerous of this description.

Travels.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE TERRITORY OF MOROCCO, ITS PEOPLE, THEIR MANNERS, RELIGION, &c.

[From Damberger's Travels into the Interior of Africa.]

The country of Morocco is one of the most charming and fertile on the face of the earth, though not so well cultivated as it would be by a different race of inhabitants.—The tyranny of the Emperor over his wretched subjects, depresses their spirits and plunges them in sloth. If any of them be industrious in benefitting by the fertility of the soil, they are obliged to pay enormous tributes; and, if the harvest turn out ever so good, the husbandman can scarcely retain so much of the produce as is sufficient for the support of his existence; as either the Emperor himself, or the rapacious and thievish governors, his substitutes, take all to themselves, using violence when they cannot attain their ends by artifice and fraud.

The Emperor now reigning, is said to be far less cruel than his predecessor; and yet seldom a day passes that he does not cause several wretches to be executed, or put them to death with his own hand. The people bear the severities of this barbarian monster with the greatest patience, esteeming themselves happy to hear that they are to be killed by his own hand; looking upon him as the descendant of their great prophet, and therefore regarding what he does as the dispensation of heaven. No people are to be found in all Africa, even in its most savage and unfrequented regions, more simple and stupid than the inhabitants of this country.—Every male above fifteen years of age being a soldier, the Emperor can always, in a week's time, bring together an army of two hundred thousand men: though he cannot effect much with all this force; because, excepting the Moors, they are, for the most part, an undisciplined rabble.—The Imperial life-guards consist of six hundred Moors, cavalry, enjoying an unbounded licence, and consequently practising every species of rapine and extortion.—The go-

vernors in the capitals, and the sub-governors in the other towns, exercise the sovereign authority within their districts, ruling with the most absolute authority; the Emperor, let them be ever so intemperate and cruel towards his subjects, giving himself but little concern about them. If a subject conceal any part of his effects, or of the fruits of his ground, and enquiry be made after it in the name of the Emperor, or of a governor, if he deny that he knows any thing of it, on its being detected, he forfeits both his life and the whole of his property; nay, he must even esteem it a signal act of favour, if his sentence be mitigated to that of being bound up in iron for life, and his family banished the country.—The priests, who are extremely numerous, are the proper instruments in the performance of these acts of iniquity, of horror and murder; usually running about with the Koran, as if they were diligently reading it, encouraging the people to prayer, and to observe the precepts of the Koran, going thrice a day to the mosques, bawling there to God, as if they wanted to wake him from a profound sleep; imploring the prophet that he will grant a long reign to the Emperor his son, and the like; while their aim is, certainly, not the advancement of wisdom and virtue, but the promotion of their own importance and respect, and of an unlimited dominion over the minds of men. Only then they pray with fervent zeal when they invoke God and the prophet to exterminate infidels, and destroy heretics. They are employed daily, indeed, for some hours, in giving lessons to youth; but what they teach only tends to suppress in their tender minds the voice of reason, and to inspire them, in its stead, with a servile fear of the prophet, and an implicit reverence for them as his servants.

Polygamy is in general practice here; the Moors, in particular, taking not unfrequently four, five or six wives, and often getting rid of them with equal facility. No inquisition is taken when the wife of a Moor happens suddenly to die; nay, if any one offer to bring testimony that she is murdered, he is immediately sent away with reproof for his forwardness.—If a Moor attach himself to the daughter of a mechanic, she must be given up to him, if the whole family would avoid the hazard of having their houses plundered, or some individual of it secretly made away with.

The women are kept in a very sequestered state, living in rooms apart from the rest.—Among the primary class of inhabitants, comprehending merchants, priests, officers, and the like, liberal and honest men are occasionally found; the greater part, however, are people of base and sordid minds; but the priests and officers are of a peculiar wicked stamp. The merchant is obliged to give the tenth of the articles of his trade, in kind, as a tribute to the Emperor or his viceroys; but, besides this, he must likewise, every week, pay capitation tax, war-tax, security-money*, &c.—Over and above these ordinary taxes, voluntary contributions, or free gifts, [illegible] in behalf of the Emperor; at the same time, every one must furnish a stated sum for the maintenance of the priests. The Jews are not allowed to traffic, or to possess any property, but are obliged to perform the meanest offices, and submit to the harshest treatment, like the common slaves.

New-York,

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1801.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

William Elliot, of this city, has just published No. II. of that valuable work, entitled, *The Literary Miscellany;* for the plan of which, we refer our readers to No. 13 of *The Lady's Monitor.* We must, however, observe, that for typographical elegance, it exceeds even the first number. The title-page presents an excellent likeness of Dr. Goldsmith; and with the number are given three elegant engravings upon wood, executed by Dr. Anderson, who stands unrivalled in that art.

William Durell, of this city, bookseller, has now in the press, "*The Minstrel; or the Progress of Genius: with other Poems by James Beattie,* LL. D. The reputation of this work is so well established, that an eulogium would be useless. It is expected this edition will be the most splendid that has yet appeared in Europe or America.

The following list exhibits an account of all the books, in the various departments of Literature, which have been published in the year 1801, and which are regarded as adapted to the use of Ladies.

(Continued from our last.)

The following six works are recommended as proper for children of different ages.

7. Letters on Education. By Elizabeth Hamilton, author of the Memoirs of Modern Philosophers, &c. Small 8vo. 1 vol.

8. The amiable Tutoress; or, the history of Mary and Jane Hornsby: a tale for young persons. 1 vol. 12mo.

9. The little Mountaineers of Auvergne; or, the Adventures of James and Georgette. 1 vol. 12mo.

10. The rational exhibition for Children. 1 vol. 12mo.

11. Instrustive and entertaining Dialogues for Children. By Mrs. Guppy. 2 vols. 12mo.

12. Juvenile Seasons; or, instructive, moral, and amusing Dialogues, for the use of young people and schools. By the Countess de Fouchecour.

HISTORY.

13. A Chronological Abridgement of Universal History. To which is added, an abridged Chronology of the most remarkable discoveries relative to the arts and sciences. Translated from the French of the seventh edition, by Lucy Peacock. 1 vol. 12mo.—This work should be read with some precaution as to the reflections of the author; but the chronology is very useful, and extremely well arranged.

N. B. There have appeared, during the year 1801, several histories of particular counties of England and Scotland, as also of colonies, in possession of the European powers; but these can be little interesting to the American ladies: and, as to those histories, which turn on politics, they are the ebullitions of party, and many of them present little more than a tissue of falsehoods.

HOUSE-KEEPING.

14. The Lady's Assistant for regulating and supplying the table; being a complete system of Cookery, &c. &c. By Charlotte Mason. Eighth edition. 1 vol. 8vo—Mrs. *Mason's* is the only work of this sort, which issued from the press in 1801. It will be found very useful to all those who wish, in the supplying of the table, to unite gentility with economy. The book is a pretty thick octavo; the different methods of cooking are clearly and fully laid down, and the other instructions, which embrace every department of house-keeping, cannot fail to be productive of great advantage to those in particular who are entering on the arduous task of regulating the affairs of a family.

MISCELLANIES.

15. The Beauties of Sentiment; or, Select Extracts from the best authors, ancient and modern, on a great variety of subjects, divine, moral, literary, and entertaining: on a plan entirely new, with synonimous words, and a definition to most of the articles. Also, a list of the best books on the principal subjects. 2 vols. 12mo.

(To be Continued.)

* This money is paid to the governor, for which he keeps a guard of soldiers, who at night are watchmen at the wherehouses of the merchants.

The Drama.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

December 7. *Pizarro in Peru, or the Death of Rolla.*—We will not pretend to enter into all the beauties of this play. But we must say that we never beheld a tragedy which interested our feelings in so great a degree, and which, at the same time, did not fatigue us by its length. Every act possesses its appropriate excellencies, and the scenes shift with a pleasing rapidity. The audience find their attention kept alive, and the whole leaves behind it some very advantageous impressions.

A few particulars of the history of Pizarro shall be here produced, as it will serve to illustrate the plot of this justly admired dramatic production.

Francis Pizarro, the conqueror, was celebrated rather for his abilities than for his virtues, his glory being tarnished by the cruelties which he practised towards those whom he conquered. After a variety of hazardous adventures, he landed in Peru, 1531, when the forces of the empire were divided by an obstinate civil war between Huasear, the legitimate monarch, and Atabalipa, his half brother. He became the ally of the latter, but taking advantage of his good faith, he made a sudden attack upon him, and took him prisoner. The exaction of an immense ransom from Atabalipa, yet, afterwards, detaining him for trial and execution, and, together with the insults superadded by bigotry, to make him die a Christian, contibute to accumulate disgrace upon the head of the treacherous and unfeeling conqueror.

In 1537, Pizarro found a new enemy in his original associate Almagro, who claiming Cuzco, the ancient capital of Peru, got possession of it. They came to an engagement, in which Almagro was defeated and taken prisoner, and, after an interval of confinement, tried and executed. This, however, was the last of Pizarro's successes, for the sons and friends of Almagro conspired against him, and on June 26, 1541, he was assassinated in his palace, advanced in years, though his exact age is not known. The glory he justly acquired by military talents, courage, and sagacity, would have placed him in the ranks of heroes, had not his character been disgraced by the indelible stains of perfidy and cruelty.

Such is the *real* Pizarro in history, after whose name this tragedy is denominated. Now we proceed to the plot.

Many of the Spaniards disgusted by the vices of Pizarro, abandon him and unite themselves to Alonzo, who espouses the cause of the Peruvians. Rolla is a Peruvian hero of the most heroic cast, his sentiments and conduct being worthy of the highest admiration. Admiring Kora, a Peruvian lady, he nobly gives her up to his friend Alonzo, to both of whom he always behaves with the utmost kindness and attention. Pizarro, it must be here remembered, was attended to America by a Spanish lady of great beauty, whose name is Elvira, and who is attached to him purely from the contemplation of his adventurous genious, braving every danger and difficulty.

Soon after the play opens, Alonzo, through the fortune of war, falls into the hands of the Spaniards, and the infamous Pizarro intends to glut his vengeance by putting him to death at sun-rise next morning. From this base and cruel act Elvira tries every means of dissuading him, but in vain. He is bent on his diabolical purpose, and she, in consequence, resolves upon Pizarro's destruction! Kora, the wife of Alonzo, is torn by suspence and anguish, but Rolla tells her he is taken, and expecting to die, sends her his last words—desiring that he would become her husband, and the father to her son. Kora suggests, in the agony of her distress, that he might have put him to death, in order to possess her! recollecting his former passion. Rolla recoiling at this most unjust suspicion, hastens to release Alonzo from his prison, and remains in his stead; this is accomplished by assuming a friar's habit, and the guard having rejected jewels and gold, is bribed, by the feelings of humanity. Alonzo now escaped, and Rolla occupying his dungeon, Elvira enters to release Alonzo, but meeting Rolla tempts him to stab Pizarro, sleeping in his tent. Rolla disdains becoming his assassin, though Elvira hints that assassinating a man in his sleep is not more base, than putting a man to death who is already a captive, and in chains! He awakes Pizarro from his sleep, after having observed the *interrupted* slumbers of guilt. The tyrant, struck with the generosity of the man, who, having an opportunity of taking away his life, did not avail himself of it, assures Rolla that he shall not be injured. Elvira, surprized to see Pizarro still alive and enraged, confesses that she meant to have him assassinated. She is doomed to die, but Rolla goes back to his countrymen.

The next scene introduces us to Kora, with her child, in a forest, amidst the complicated horrors of thunder and lightning! Here the voice of Alonzo reaches the ear of Kora, and flying to find him, she leaves behind her the child, sleeping under the cover of her veil; but two Spanish soldiers strolling that way, take the child along with them. Upon her return she goes in rapture to shew the child to Alonzo, whom she has found, but upon lifting the veil she observes the child gone. and is distracted at the sight. The child is carried to Pizarro, the wretch, told by Rolla to whom he belongs, triumphs with malignity. Rolla entreats most pathetically to bear the child to its disconsolate parents, but Pizarro refuses to give it up, he, therefore, snatches it away. Rolla, running with the child across a bridge in the mountains, is shot, but staggering along besmeared with blood, bears the child to the parents, then falls at their feet and yields up the ghost.

In a subsequent contest, Alonzo and Pizarro are opposed to each other, the victory is for some time dubious, but Elvira entering puts a sword into the hands of Alonzo, with which the detestable tyrant, Pizarro, is slain. The piece concludes with Rolla's funeral.

Such are the general outlines of this enchanting piece, which in the celebrity of its characters, the elevation of its sentiments, the simplicity of its language, and the splendour of its scenes, exceeds all description.

Mr. Dunlap, from what motives we know not, has omitted the representation of the most interesting part of this piece. The scene in the last act, where Elvira rushes into the presence of Pizarro, habited as a nun, at whose appearance he is almost petrified, and which gives Alonzo time to slay him, is entirely omitted. We see nothing of the funeral of Rolla; and the dirge, which was wont to melt the hearts of the tenants of *Drury*, was not enough harmonious, in Mr. D's opinion, to touch the feelings of an impassioned and sympathetic audience. The curtain falls when Rolla enters with the child.

We particularly admire in this drama the character of *Rolla*, uniformly great and impressive; even to the last the spectator is enamoured of him—he dies, sealing the last act of his benevolence with his blood! Rolla had a faithful representation in Mr. Hodgkinson. *Elvira*, likewise, demands our admiration. She bears an invariable testimony against the insatiable cruelty and brutal inhumanity of Pizarro, the Spanish conqueror. Mrs. Melmoth, in this character, is truly interesting, and acquits

herself with her usual ability. Kora displays all the powerful feelings of a wife and a mother. In particular, the agonies of maternal grief are affecting depicted, and Mrs. Hodgkinson here merits high commendaton. Mr. Fennel's *Pizarro* was a cold and inanimate performance. His *phiz.* was truly Spanish, but his action was not Pizarro's.

The Temple of the Sun pours upon the senses an enchanting splendour. The venerable priest—the delicate virgins—the blazing sun—the rich ensigns—the highly ornamented pillars, and the fire darting down from heaven and consuming the offering upon the altar, are well calculated to fill and distend the imagination.

The character of *Pizarro* is ably delineated, and shews the evil effects of an unbridled ambition trampling upon the dearest rights of humanity. Loving our country, we are here taught to hold every species of tyranny in detestation! Indeed the purest sentiments of patriotism are judiciously scattered throughout the piece.

December 9. *The Force of Calumny;* one of Kotzebue's most successful pieces. It has been several times performed here, and received with much applause. Whether Mr. Fennel's attention is yet devoted to his "salt-works;" or whether he has *any* particular object in view, we know not; but we are certain, that he is shamefully neglectful of his theatrical duty; and that, unless he is more industrious for the future, he will forfeit all claim to public favour, and lose that reputation which he has been a long time in acquiring.

December 11. *The Abbe De l'Epee,* another of Kotzebue's dramas; for a particular account of which, we refer our reader's to No. 11. of the Lady's Monitor.

SOLUTION TO THE REBUS IN OUR LAST.

Grate; Rate; Rat; Atè.

A REBUS.

A *passion*, from whence may pure happiness spring;
And *that* which ought not to us misery bring;
A *foe* to health, a relative to pain;
A *time*, which age may ever seek in vain;
A *planet* far distant.....(Perhaps merely thro' folly
That some do conceive 'twill impress melancholy);
The *power* which draws the needle to the pole,
And *that* which in one vast confluence roll;
Recluse from men, though not number'd with dead;
A *prize*, for which our fathers toil'd and bled;
An *antidote* to falsehood's poisonous stings,
And the purest source from whence knowledge springs;
A *bird*, the largest of the feather'd brood;
A *signal*, shewn to Noah at the flood. P.

FROM THE THREE SPANIARDS.

I had attained the summit of my wishes in the possession of Selima; and I exulted in the certainty, that I was now above the powers of chance, and out of the reach of reversive fortune.

Selima retired with her female slave to her chamber: it was eleven o'clock—and, after waiting half an hour till the slave returned, I left the company of Almonsor and lady Zidana, who immediately retired to their several apartments.

It is now I am going to relate to you the most cruel incident that ever befel me.

Winged with impatience, I flew to the chamber of my lovely bride. I opened the door, and was palsied through every limb with a sight of horror. I beheld, seated upon the frame of the bed, the same figure I had seen in the Castle of Montillo, which led me into its sepulchral labyrinths—The same spectre which, habited as a soldier, had first stoppod me in the defile. Animated death was impressed upon his terrific countenance; his eyes fixed upon me, with a look which chilled my spirits as they flowed.

An half uttered groan escaped my breast, as I sat down speechless upon an opposite seat, and continued to gaze on the strange form of this phantom, through the dim light which one glimmering taper emitted.

It is impossible to describe the sensations of the mind, at an interview with a visible, yet impalpable, and supernatural being.—A being unconnected with any class of existences that are familiar to our senses; and which fills the thinking faculty of man with so much mingled wonder and terror, that the mind becomes more bewildered, the more we attempt to reason and reflect.

Transfixed as I was with the unexpected appearance of this fearful guest, I turned my eyes with a cautious motion towards the bed where Selima lay, apparently in a profound sleep; which, in some measure, relieved my apprehensions on her account.

The spectre still followed the motions of my eye, observing a profound and awful silence; which I knew not how to interrupt, and could scarcely endure. It moved not from where it sat, till twelve struck upon the garrison clock: then slowly rising, it stood between me and Selima, making a sign that I should depart.

I arose at his motion, but I was not willing to obey the intimation; it seemed shocking to leave Selima alone with this dread being in the room. I stood still. He frowned angrily upon me; and slowly opening his dark cloak, disclosed to me those wounds, which to my shrinking sight seemed to bleed afresh.

NEW COUNTRY DANCES.

18. *The Irish Union*....Set and turn three on the ladies' side; the same with the gentlemen; lead down the middle, up again, and allemande.

19. *Death or Liberty*....Set and change sides; lead down the middle, up again, and allemande.

20. *The Blue Bell of Scotland*....Set and hands across, the same back again, lead down the middle, up again, allemande and right and left.

21. *Lady Gwider's Waltz*....First couple set to the second lady and hands three round the same to the second gentleman; lead down the middle, up again, allemande and swing corners.

22. *The Lucky Minute*....Foot it and hands across half round, same back again, lead down second couple, and up one, allemande.

23. *John Bull's Wedding*....First gentleman set to the second lady, and turn the third, the first lady set to the second gentleman, and turn the third, lead down the middle, up again, right and left.

(To be continued.)

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. JOHN PATRICK, of this city, merchant, to Miss SARAH ANN STEWART.

On Thursday evening, the 3d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Linn, STEPHEN SMITH, Esq. to Miss MARY JACKSON, both of this city.

At New-Gloucester, Mr. ELEAZAR A. JENKS, Editor of the Portland Gazette, to Miss CLARINA P. GREENLEAF.

DIED,

At Boston, Mr. ALEXANDER MACAY, merchant, aged 54 years.

Mrs. MARY ADAMS, relict of Capt. Thomas Adams, late Editor of the Chronicle.

PRINTING,

IN all its various branches, executed at this Office, with neatness, accuracy, and dispatch.

Parnassian Garland.

NATIVE HARMONY.

Wild warbling birds, who haunt sequester'd shades!
At your melodious softly-soothing lays
Ferocious passion's vengeful aspect fades,
And gloomy care a tranquil smile displays.

Lull'd by these sounds, ambition here may pause,
(Whilst nature all around in peace appears);
And ask, why loves fell-man the cannon's noise?—
Terrific noise, that bathes the world in tears!

Serene amidst the woods and flowery sweets,
Peaceful you live, from tyranny secure;
Your sweet songs echo thro' the lone retreats,
And give to pious hermits rapture pure.

Ah! may not rustic youth's rude hand molest
The rapturous joy which animates the bower;
As sacred may he view the downy nest,
And leave the brood, anon in air to tower.

The lab'ring peasants, as to toil they stray,
The rose-lip'd, maidens, with their milky pails,
And weary trav'llers, cheer'd by sounds so gay,
Join in the concert of the jocund vales.

Why seek Cecilia's vot'ries foreign climes,
For songsters tuneful, to enchant their ears?
And in the jingle of exotic rhymes,
And artful sounds, why melt their souls with tears?

Hath Philomela's plaintive notes no pow'r,
(Delightful chauntress of the verdant grove)
To charm, lone evening, in the rural bow'r,
The soul incline to harmony and love?

Shrilly and clear, the blackbird whistling, gay,
The robin's plaint, the woodlark's charming strain;
The linnet's tender and melodious lay,
Of polish'd breasts may sooth the smart of pain.

Ere Sol's refulgence misty hills adorn,
The cheerful lark's ethereous realms explore;
And with mellifluous notes salute the morn,
More widly tuneful as they upwards soar.

Ah! who can listen to their songs of love,
And not his breast with joy enamour'd find?
Amidst the groves, ah! who can torpid rove,
Save pamper'd lordlings, dull, and unrefin'd?

When winter desolates the woods and plains,
And guns loud-thund'ring, shake th' unfoilag'd spray;
The feathery race, may game-pursuing swains
With pity spare, and onward bend their way!

Then will the quire, with energy divine,
Greet the return of spring, the flow'ret's birth;
Soothe the swains bosom, who in secret pine
For fair ones lovely, of superior worth.

Sing on, ye warblers, pour your dulcet strains
From ev'ry flow'ry bush and leafy spray!
The lyre of science touch'd with skill and pains,
Could ne'er such sounds of melody convey.

Ye minstrels sweet, ne'er wander from my grove,
Around my woodbine cot delight to throng;
To charm the sylvan shade, the spot I love,
Swell with your mingled notes the choral song!

ELIZA.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Love's no irregular desire,
No sudden start of raging pain;
Which, in a moment, grows a fire,
And in a moment cools again.

Not found in the sad sonneteer,
Who sings of darts, despair, and chains;
And by whose dismal verse 'tis clear
He wants not sense alone—but brains.

Nor is it centred in the beau,
Who sighs by rule—in order dies;
Whose sense appears in outward show,
And want of wit by dress supplies.

No; love is something so divine,
Description would but make it less;
'Tis what I know—but can't define;
'Tis what I feel—but can't express.

THE WOODBINE.

A SONNET.

Behold that woodbine! how its tendrils twine
Round the rank nettle, and the scentless thorn,
See, how alike the heaven-directed pine,
It waves its beauties to salute the morn!

And see, how, careless of its native sweets,
With balmy kiss it woos the vulgar weed,
And with its tassl'd forehead friendly greets,
Breathing its odours to th' unconscious reed!

So genius, to nor clime, nor state confin'd,
Oft rears its head amid penurious gloom,
And wastes its beauties on the vulgar mind,
Uncultur'd blossoms, and untasted bloom;

And like the sun, with temper'd ray divine,
On barren sands, and trackless deserts shine!

SAPPHO TO HER LOVER.

Bid me the ills of life endure,
Ills, that shall rend my heart!
Bid me resign the hope of cure,
And cherish endless smart!
Bid me a weary wand'rer be—
But never bid me part from thee!

Bid me encounter vulgar scorn;
And, hopeless of relief,
Bid me awake, each sadden'd morn,
To feed the source of grief!
Bid me from pomp and splendor flee—
But never bid me fly from thee!

Bid me o'er barren deserts rove,
O'er mountains rude and bare;
Bid me the keenest torments prove,
That feeling bosoms share!
Bid me no dawn of comfort see—
I'll bear it all—if blest with thee!

SADI THE MOOR.

The trees seem to fade as yon dear spot I'm viewing,
My eyes fill with tears as I look on the door,
And see the lov'd cottage all sinking in ruin,
The cottage of peace and of Sadi the Moor.

Poor Sadi was merciful, honest, and cheery,
His friends were his life-blood, he valued them dearly,
And his sweet dark-ey'd Zelda, he lov'd her sincerely;
But hard was the fate of poor Sadi the Moor.

As Sadi was toiling, his Zelda was near him,
His children were pratt'ling and smiling before,
When the pirates appear, from his true-love they tear him,
And drag to their vessel poor Sadi the Moor.

The forlorn one rav'd loudly, her lost husband seeking,
His children and friends at a distance were shrieking,
Poor Sadi cried out, while his sad heart was breaking,
Oh, pity the sorrows of Sadi the Moor!

In spite of his plaint to their galley they bore him,
His Zelda and children to mourn and deplore;
At morn from his feverish slumber they tore him,
And with blows hardly treated poor Sadi the Moor.

At night up aloft, while the still moon was clouding,
The thought of his babes on his wretched mind crowding,
He heav'd a last sigh, and fell dead from the shrouding,
The sea was the grave of poor Sadi the Moor.

SIDDONS.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY PHINEHAS HEARD,
AT THE COLUMBIAN PRINTING-OFFICE,
NO. 24, CEDAR-STREET, OPPOSITE THE
SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.